

*Prayer
of a
Trucker's Chaplain*



DEAR LORD,

You were with me just now while I conducted a worship service in the TTP for your sons who are truck drivers, and you know what my heart feels as I wave them on up the road. Watch over them, Sir, as they fight the chuckholes of the road and the tight turns in the passes. Push a little when their heavy loaded rigs groan up the steep grades. Keep them from an encounter with the natives in Lambrettas, or on foot, or herding their cattle too close to the road. These drivers are busy men on an important mission, Lord. The GI's up-country are counting on their getting through, so we can't afford any accidents.

Some of their trucks are overdue for the junk heap, as you know, and it'll take a small miracle to keep 'em rolling without break-downs and burned out brakes. As a special favor, would you give us just such a miracle and keep them running? Strengthen the drivers' hands, Lord, for that extra insurance turn on the lug nuts, for a firmer grip on the steering wheel, and for the rapid selection of the proper gear. They're weary from the day-to-day haul and could use a little extra blessing from you today.

You have ridden with them many times before, dear God, and you know they'll be driving through dangerous Victor Charlie country. They don't act scared, Lord, because they're tough men, but they need your protection even if they won't admit it. If there is an ambush and a firefight, help them quickly and safely through the kill zone. Make Charlie's aim real bad and every round miss.

If any of them don't make it through, Lord, and you have to take anyone home to be with you, you'll have a real man up there with you. When he arrives at the TTP on that last line haul when there will be no turn around and he'll RON not just overnight but forever, give him grace, dear God, as he hits the "Johnny Bar" of death and rolls out from under the old worn out trailer we call a human body.

It may take awhile to clean him up, what with all the mud and grease on him; and it'll probably take even longer to police up his language so he won't shock your holy angels; but it'll be worth it. You're real patient, so I guess you won't mind to take the time. And, Lord he won't know how to slow down because he's been pushing pretty hard for a long time down here; so after a brief stand down, I humbly ask you to find something exciting for him to do for the rest of eternity.

The man behind that wheel is something special, Lord. I know you love him, and his chaplain and CO love him. If it's needed up-country and anybody can get it through, he'll move it, Father. He's rough and ready and highly motivated, but he still needs your help. Who knows? We may even get him to church someday. Till then, I know you'll be riding in his cab everyday and won't ever let him down.

Amen.

Ch (LTC) R. R. Adams composed this prayer while serving as chaplain at the 8th Transportation Group, Support Command, Qui Nhon.